

E1

Miradero

1942



what a good pen!

I can't think of a thing to say!
Annie (Fidler)

Dear Sir,
I have the pleasure
to acknowledge the
receipt of your
letter of the 11th
inst. and in reply
to inform you that
the same has been
forwarded to the
proper authorities
for their consideration.
Yours faithfully,
C. J. Smith

Dear Charlotte,

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

See you in
Class Next year!!

Love Peggy

Deas Charlotte,

Keep up your

beautified by giving
in Chap. 8. 22

for next year.

Maybe - Nokey

Charlotte

Dr. 1811

remember
you for your jokes
and wacky laughter.

Alpen

Dear Charlotte,
I have a wonderful
summer, I hope
you are coming
next year.
Yours
Joe

2000

Dear Charlotte,
It's been nice
knowing you hear.
Have a nice summer
love Marilyn

You've been a
wonderful dock
mate. Have
fun this summer!
Love Barbara

Dear Charlotte
we will have to
keep up our taxi service
next year. Even though
its on roller skates.
love Dsdy

Dear Charlotte -
 well, I guess I
 should be in the spelling
 class. To a word senior
 (catch that last word)
Upper crust! Love
 Branson

Hi Charlotte
 next year maybe
 you and Pascan
 get to school a
 little earlier.

Dear Charlotte,
 I've certainly
 enjoyed knowing
 you and am
 looking forward
 to seeing you
 next year.
 Love,
 Eileen.

You aren't like my
 roommate, but you're
 swell even though you
 have the same name.
 Your themes are swell.
 See you next year.
 Love,
 Mal.

Dear Charlotte,
 I hope I can get
 to know you better
 next year. Have a
 great summer.
 Love
 Mal

Dear Charlotte
 See you next year
 Love
 Connie

Dear Charlotte
 I have certainly
 enjoyed you in our
 wonderful hat in class
 and I hope you will
 be in next year's class
 Love
 Amanda

El Miradero

STUDENT PUBLICATION

of

THE BISHOP'S SCHOOL

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

1942





FOREWORD

Simplicity, serenity, sincerity—this motto has always been an important factor in our academic life, but it has now taken on added significance because of the present world situation. This year, democracy has dedicated itself to the winning of ultimate victory in a war to protect our way of life. In this great struggle the simple ideals which have been our tradition must not be forgotten. It shall be our task, then, to hold for the future these ideals—simplicity and sincerity in our thoughts, serenity in our hearts.

DEDICATION

To Miss Cummins, for her steady-
ing influence in unusual situations, her wisdom and foresight, her
calm presence of mind, and her unusual sense of humor, we dedicate
this 1942 El Miradero.



APPRECIATION

One of the most universally beloved of our instructors is Father Williams. But it is not only as Chaplain and instructor that we know him,—he is also our very dear friend. The deepest appreciation of the whole school goes out to Father Williams for everything he has been to us.



We grow . . .

*I keep some portion of my early gleam;
Brokenly bright, like moonbeams on a river,
It lights my life, a far elusive dream
Moves as I move, and leads me on forever.*





Dear Charlotte,
 I think you got it
 I know people both
 at camp than here but
 I don't seem to have
 done very well at
 either. Good luck,
 Jean

JEAN ABBOTT

"To set the cause above renown; to
 love the game above the prize."

ELIZABETH CATHERINE ALLEN

"Great thoughts, great feelings came to
 her like instincts, unawares."



VIRGINIA RODMAN BAILEY

*"She walks the waters like a thing of
life,
And seems to dare the elements to
strife."*



WINIFRED DUDLEY BAILEY

*"Thy soul is like a star and dwelt
apart."*

*Dear Charlotte
Such a great happiness
to you and awe. keep living
the school colors flying
high for its people
like you that can
do it - Winifred
Love Winifred*



ANNAS TERRY BARKER

"Those graceful acts, those thousand decencies, that daily flow from all her words and actions."

MARILLYN JANE BEAR

"Her virtue and the conscience of her worth shines so by the side of every path she treads that the world is ever grateful for her tread."



JANE DUSTIN BELLOWS

*"The fairest garden in her looks and
in her mind the wisest books."*



HEATHER VIVIEN BOULTON

*"What 'ere she did was done with so
much ease
In her alone 'twas natural to please."*



JENNIFER BERYL BRUCE

"Graceful, laughing, forever free."

JEANIE MATSON FAWCETT

"Strength of mind—depth of heart."



JOAN FULLINWIDER

*"Too low they build, who build be-
neath the stars."*



MARY ISABELLE GIFFORD

*"Ever charming, ever new,
Never will the landscape tire the view."*



BEVERLY FLORENCE HARMON

"A smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts and calm desires."

FRANCES BARBARA LAMOTTE

"Amazing truth, bright ambition, vital humor to warm the heart."



Charlotte-
I'll miss not
having lunch with
you!
Love,
Frances

Dear Charlotte
 isn't it? — ghastly picture
 and how dumb I think of me
 Chemistry — ugg! was in
 Love
 Mary

MARY FRANCES McCORKLE

*"The evening beam that smiles the
 clouds away."*



MARGARET POWELL O'NEILL

*"I was never less alone than when by
 myself."*



BETTE ANN PATTERSON

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Dear Charlotte -
 you'll make a
 senior and your
 'ind' hair will give you
 courage -
 Love
 Jackie

JACQUELINE ANN RAQUET

"True beauty dwells in deep retreats."



*My best for
next year.
Anna*

ANNA SCULL SMITH

*"Kindness in another's troubles,
courage in your own."*



PATRICIA ANN VANCE

*"To those who know thee not, no
words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all
words are faint."*



NANCY WAITE

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free; patient of toil; serene amidst alarms; inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

PATRICIA WILLIAMS

"What shall I do to be forever known and make the age to come my own?"



FACULTY 1941-42

THE FACULTY, 1941-1942

| | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| Caroline Seely Cummins, A.B., M.A., Vassar College | Bible |
| Isabel Underwood Blake, A.B., Vassar College | English |
| Phyllis E. Byrnes, A.B., Mount Holyoke, M.A. Radcliffe College | History |
| Mary Catharine Brown, A.B., University of Minnesota,
University of Chicago | Latin |
| Frances Burt, B.S., Massachusetts State College; Boston University;
Cornell; University of Colorado | Science, Mathematics |
| Jeanne Cheron, M.A., Columbia University; Diplome D'Etude
Superieures d' Anglais, Sorbonne | French |
| Rosario Andrea Curletti, A.B., Santa Barbara State College | Spanish |
| Caroline H. Mendum, A.B., Mount Holyoke | Physics, Mathematics |
| Katharine C. Bailey, A.B., Wellesley | English |
| Jean P. Hampton, Teachers' College | Lower School |
| Beulah M. Seeber, Milwaukee State Teachers' College | Lower School |
| Gretchen Steinbach, Pupil of Bruno Gortatowski, Berlin; Frau
Agnes Kanter, Leipzig; Wynn Pyle, New York | Piano |
| Florence P. Andrews, Pupil of F. Arthur Hendel and
Emil Winkler | Piano, History of Music |
| Walter Wilson Boutelle | Pipe Organ |
| Alberta Jones | Dramatic and Lyric Expression |
| Margarete von Schuman, Pupil of F. Humber; L. Simon, Paris | Art |
| Frances L. Green, B.S., Boston School of Physical Education | Physical Education |
| Janet Hopkins, A.B., Mills Pupil of Hanya Holm and
Tina Flade | Modern Dancing |

EXECUTIVE STAFF

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| Caroline Seely Cummins | Headmistress |
| Jean P. Hampton | Head of Gilman Hall |
| The Rev. George F. Williams | Chaplain |
| Florence P. Andrews | Head of Scripps Hall |
| Katharine C. Bailey | Head of Bentham Hall |
| Mary C. Walker, A.B., Mills; Boston University | Secretary |
| Phoebe B. Hathaway | Financial Secretary |
| Lillian M. Gibbons | Household Director |
| Kathleen Lawrence, R.N., General and Marine Hospital,
St. Catherine's, Canada | Resident Nurse |
| J. T. Lipe, M.D. | School Physician |
| William E. Diefenbach, M.D. | School Physician |

J U N I O R S



Kneeling: Joyce Erickson, Ruthie Dryer, Lucy Ann Evans, Helen Wicker, Christiane Knauer, Nancy Ames, Bessie Foster.

Sitting: Nancy Lawson, Patricia Lewis, Charlotte Starbuck, Margaret Knight, Barbara Converse, Eileen Chawner, Joan Manley, Margaret Durr.

Standing: Clare Rolph, Jean Campbell, Marion-Leigh Baldwin, Mary Elaine Palmer, Barbara Boulton, Margaret Cary, Nancy Payne, Jeanne Bass.

Not in Picture: Lucia Abbott, Charlotte Crow, Barbara McCabe, Alper Vestal.

President—Barbara Converse
Secretary-Treasurer—Christiane Knauer
Class Adviser—Miss Brown

We Juniors started the year with many new members. We published the *Junior Journal*, and several of us made names for ourselves on the tennis courts. The Take-Off was a humorous skit, showing the Seniors as college Freshmen, and as alumnae fifteen years later. The Junior-Senior-Banquet was a great success and everyone wept a silent tear after *Auld Lang Syne*. The midnight feast on the sleeping porch, and the receipt of our privileges crowned a happy and successful year for us all.



S O P H O M O R E S

Sitting: Nancy Burnham, Peggy Parnham, Jacqueline Kowall, Anne Rolph, Desdy Jackson, Sibby Hull, Doris Heyneman.

Standing: Jeanne Inwood, Nancy Bevan, Mary Shepherd Joy, Lorabelle Davis, Edith Ann Suffern, Elizabeth Ware, Barbara Brunson.

Not in Picture: Ruth Lineaweaver.

President

Ist term—Barbara Brunson 2nd term—Mary Shepherd Joy

Secretary-Treasurer—Nancy Bevan

Class Adviser—Miss Byrnes

Our class is one of the most up and coming in the school. Our spirit of fun and jollity is high, and we are noted for our love of practical jokes. We excel in sports, and our class is known for its ability and leadership. Our party was a great success as was

our sister-class picnic, the first of its kind. We gave the flag to the Lower School at the beginning of the year, showing our unselfishness. We hope to go far and make a great name for ourselves.

F R E S H M E N



Sitting: Jean Kellogg, Jacqueline Fairbanks, Ethelyn Jones, Ann Hayward.
Standing: Adele Weidenkopf, Charlene Leonard, Kathleen Campbell.
Not in Picture: Amanda Horton, Jananne Vilas.

President

Ist term—Kathleen Campbell 2nd term—Amanda Horton

Secretary-Treasurer—Jean Kellogg

Class Adviser—Mrs. Bailey

“Quality, not quantity” is the motto of our class. Although small in numbers, we have much talent in dramatics, and we show good signs of athletic prowess. We gave a “Street Dance” for the rest of the

boarders in Scripps Hall, and have contributed a great deal to the school in general. We hope to handle well the Sophomore responsibilities which will be ours next year.



L O W E R S C H O O L

Sitting: Marilyn Schuman, Lucy Mary Sherrill, Patty Stewart, Constance Holder, Sally Williams, Mary Eleanor Bellows, Marjory Voigt, Jessie Taylor.

Standing: Betsy Wallace, Eugenia Roome, Patty O'Hara, Katherine Charleson, Colleen Phillips, Patricia Hederman, Sally Dryer, Isabella Murray.

President—Constance Holder

Secretary-Treasurer

1st term—Marilyn Schuman

2nd term—Betsy Wallace

Class Adviser—Miss Seeber

We are distinguished by the fact that we are the first Lower School to have the responsibility of putting up the flag. On Washington's Birthday, we gave a program of patriotic songs and poems for the Upper School. "Rarebits" was presented

to Miss Cummins at the party honoring the Faculty and Seniors. We take an active part in everything connected with the school, and are proud of our reputation of being the neatest and best-dressed group at Bishop's.

We live . . .

*Every joy is gain
And gain is gain, however small.*





BEACH PICNIC AT SUNRISE

Autumn Saturdays were often started at 7:00 A.M. by traditional class beach picnics. Sun-up found girls busily eating chops, potatoes, and eggs, with Benny pouring cup after cup of steaming coffee.

AUTUMN

In October came the grill supper and "Shaggy Dog Story." Then Pep Night occupied our thoughts, and all the new girls became either Purples or Golds.

Thanksgiving Day was one of the biggest and most exciting of the year. Highlights were team drills, and tennis matches in the morning followed by the Purple and Gold luncheon, and the Hockey game in the afternoon.

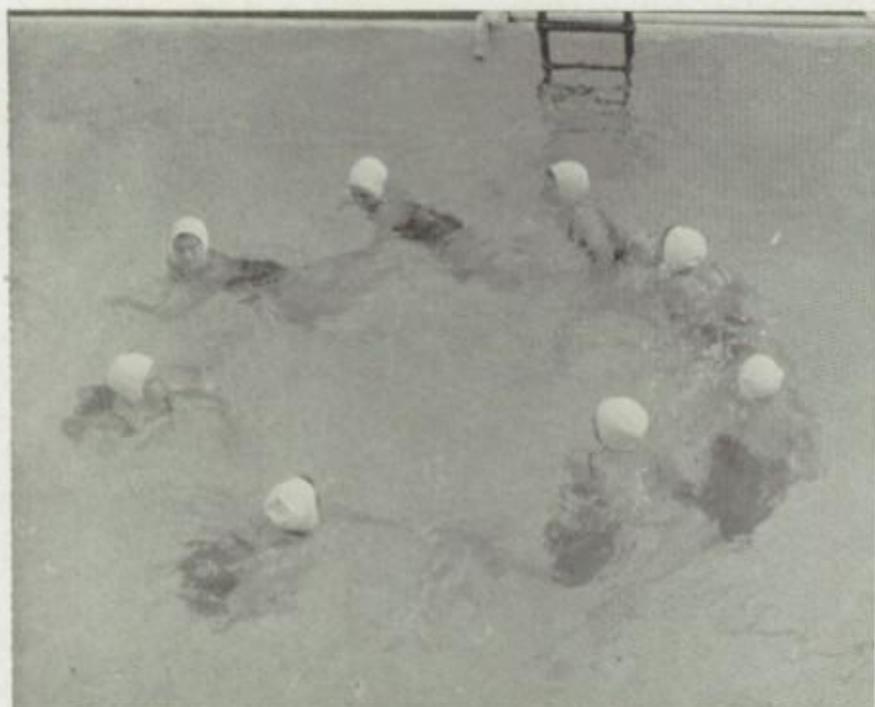


THANKSGIVING

TEAMWORK

Culmination of fall aquatic activities was the swimming meet. Here, again, the Golds and Purples were in competition. Included in the meet were exhibitions of formation swimming, relay races, speed contests, and diving.

SWIMMING MEET



HOCKEY GAME





CHRISTMAS CRECHE

WINTER

Much to the sorrow of the girls, blackout practices prevented the presentation of the Christmas Play and the Candlelight Service. However, the play, "Eager Heart," was given after vacation during Epiphany.

In spite of the unusual situation, we were able to observe some of our Christmas traditions. The boarders had their party, the creche was put up, and at 5:00 A.M. on the last day before vacation, Seniors went caroling through the halls.



PEACE ON EARTH

Almost everybody's spare time this year was spent in knitting for the Red Cross. Faculty and girls alike boasted of the sweaters, stockings, and helmets they had been able to turn in.



FIRST AID CLASS

One of the most successful class parties was given by the Juniors. The theme was collegiate, and everyone came in sweaters and skirts. The evening was spent playing games, dancing, eating, and enjoying the exceptionally good Junior Take-Off.

JUNIOR TAKE-OFF



FACULTY





EXHIBITIONS OF SKILL ON OPEN DAY

SPRING

On April 18, Open Day activities were carried on beneath a cloudless blue sky. Danish gymnastics by the entire school opened the program, followed by folk dancing and archery exhibitions. Then Bishop Stevens presented awards to lucky winners.

With the coming of sunny spring days, seniors frequently availed themselves of the privilege to go to the village unchaperoned.



SENIOR PRIVILEGES



EASTER CHAPEL

Following the events of Holy Week, a beautiful Easter Service was celebrated. The lovely Chapel decorations were done by the Altar Guild, and made a perfect picture with the girls who were all dressed in white, and wearing veils.

BY TRADITION

This year May Day was observed as a homecoming day for Alumnae. Former graduates were invited to attend a typical school day in the morning, followed by chapel at noon. After this, came a ceremony in honor of our May Queen, Winifred Bailey. Then we partook of a delicious grill lunch and spent the afternoon playing games.

MAY QUEEN



MAY DAY CEREMONY





AT THE BEACH CLUB

S U M M E R

Summer weekends were punctuated by visits to the La Jolla Beach Club, where the girls swam, lunched, and sun-bathed.

With early summer came lovely halcyon days, and much of our time was spent outdoors. The wonderful weather gave added zest to sports and encouraged fresh-air activities.



AFTERNOON RELAXATION



THE STUDENT COUNCIL



ALTAR GUILD

The last week of school was perhaps the busiest of the year. With examinations finally over, we breathed a sigh of relief and plunged into the excitement of the last three days.

The colorful Junior-Senior banquet ended successfully, if a trifle tearfully, with the singing of *Auld Lang Syne*. Then, on Saturday came the reading of the Senior Will, followed by the distribution of the *Annuals*. Sunday afternoon brought the impressive Baccalaureate service and with Monday morning dawned the last day of the school year. That afternoon, Seniors, dressed in long, simply-cut white dresses, received diplomas and descended Bentham steps to the strains of *Pomp and Circumstance*. The Bishop's Reception followed immediately, and Juniors and Seniors ended the important day with a dance which lasted from five to eight.

A great many thanks for the success of the year go to our school organizations—the Student Council, the Altar Guild, the Athletic Council, and the Dramatic Art Group.



ANNUAL STAFF

We create . . .

*Sunward I've climbed, and joined
The tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds,
And done a hundred things you have not
dreamed of.*



A LITTLE GIRL

As she walked past the door, her feet sinking noiselessly into the deep, soft carpet, Mary could smell the heavy odor of cigar and cigarette smoke, drifting in a hazy, ever-moving cloud above the assembled guests, and hear the low murmur of talk, punctuated by a loud hearty laugh or the sharp tinkle of ice against a glass. She bit experimentally into the green little olive with its tiny red center, her only share of the mysterious delicacies in the next room; found it disappointing; and moved thoughtfully on.

—*Ruth Lineaweaver* '44

SOUND

The ecstasies of sight are sweet,
But there are those of sound as well—
The light, soft noise of children's feet,
The ringing of a far-off bell,

The crashing thunder of the sea.
The howling of the winter gales,
A stern, triumphal symphony,
A roaring train upon the rails.

Yes, ecstasies of sound can be
In nearly everything we hear,
And though I cherish what I see,
To me it's sound that is most dear.

—*Frances LaMotte* '42

SOMETHING I'LL NEVER FORGET

It was about noon time and so the sun was high and strong and the August day was very warm. Just as I had done so many times before in the past few years, I paddled out to my favorite spot by the reef where the water was quite shallow and there was no coral. I remember how I turned around and looked back at the beach and the white houses set among the dark green trees. Beyond that were the dark mountains and green valleys that separated this side of the island from Honolulu. The waterfalls up there were very clear that day. The greenish water around me was clear, also, and exceptionally calm. Some bright red fish swam under me. A small breeze came up from outside the reef and I could feel the kayak moving as the breeze passed over. I could follow it to shore by the ripples on the water. When it got to shore the coconut and ironwood trees swayed a little back and forth. I know now why this picture of that day and not any of the other days stuck in my mind. This was to be the last time for me to be out on Kailua Bay.

—*Clare Rolph* '43

STRANGE

I was young,
I was very young;
I had never seen a sunset.

I was standing on the edge of the world,
On a high mountain, above a high cliff,
And I looked into that other
Which no one else had seen,
About which we know ourselves,
But secrete from others.
They would not understand,
It was not what you were taught,
But what you knew.

And what I saw
Stretching forever away
Was strange
It was very strange.

For there,
As if that vast, fast-fading dome
Were stretched above—
So faintly painted blue
And yet enlarging to a greater depth,
As gray besprinkled and made dark the world
To be a symbol of the life to come.
For there, expressed in colors varied as the prism,
Were all my hopes and all my life to come.

As if lit up by some immortal light
Shone bright eternity, reality, security,
Portrayed in glowing light
Against a dimming background,
Lit by unseen hope,
Reflected up through caverns measureless
To be refracted to the sight of man.

The prism's rays fade out.
The sky grows dimmer—yet more dim
In night.

It was strange . . .
It was very strange.

—Doris Heyneman '44

BEAUTY THAT THRILLS

I close my eyes and let thrills of delight trip swiftly through my
heart as the gentle pluck, pluck of the harpstrings lulls me to sleep.

—Marillyn Baer '42

PRELUDE TO A STORM

The north wind blows
Down upon the land.
The trees bend
Humbly to their superior.
The leaves fly into the sky
And scatter like birds in a storm.
The sky looks ominous
As the dark clouds settle together,
Painting a forbidding picture
To those who behold it.
Amidst it all a little child plays,
Singing and laughing.
Her hair streams in the gale
As she runs about,
Playing with the leaves,
And shaking a threatening hand at the sky,
Dashing about before the final minute
When she must go inside,
And be held captive by the rain.

—*Nancy Bevan '44*

ON BABIES

When I think of babies in general I smile tenderly. When I think of a baby in particular I quake.

Every now and then I find myself alone for the afternoon with a child of about two. My usual approach is to seem in complete mastery of the situation. I talk to the manly little chap as an adult. This baffles him. For several minutes he remains quiet, obviously formulating a plan of counter-attack. Realizing that in my present mood he is powerless, he quickly bashes his little head against something and howls for attention. Stricken, I rush to his aid, only to find that nothing helps but a ride around the room on my back. This I proceed to give him. Once is not enough. Twenty minutes later I am still at it. But plain walking is too tame. I must buck and kick, snort and jump. Shrieks of glee rend the air, and the little demon on my back pulls and pummels unmercifully. After this athletic phase has passed, Junior is ready for a nap. So am I. We both retire, and time marches on until Junior's mother reappears.

"Well, really, Frances! Sleeping again, I see. And how is Precious?" I tell her that Precious is fine.

"But how do you know? I am sure you haven't seen him for two hours. Why, for all you know, he might have hit his head against something, and then what would you have done?"

I smile wanly and remain silent. I am thinking.

—*Frances LaMotte '42*

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

Artificial light has its greatest splash in the flashiness of the lights of a city, a great brooch of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. To the San Diegan there can be no more beautiful sight than the group of towns by night. It could be a lady wearing a nailhead dress of Linda Vista very low-necked—the bay; a rope of pearls, Mission Beach; and two flashy pins of La Jolla and San Diego, one on each shoulder and those two twinkling lights in the ocean, two fishing boats, make her sparkling eyes.

—*Patricia Williams* '42

SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING

That old worm, with a head at either end
Is the first to feel the Spring, when Spring begins to send
New life and warmth and vigor into the very heart
Of every beast and flower, and a message to impart.

"The world is sweet and strange and gay,
Sweep Winter's cold and tears away!
My earth, your home vibrates anew,
Cast cares aside, and frolic, too!"

—*Patricia Lewis* '43

CINQUAINE

Poets
See true beauty,
Enjoy it to the depth,
Experience serenity,
Then write.

—*Ann Smith* '42

GRAMP

His suit was a little out of date and frayed at the sleeves. He had let the ordeal of buying a new suit slip from day to day 'til he had forgotten what it was he was trying not to remember.

—*Mary Isabelle Gifford* '42

PASTORALE

Leaning against a white fence I looked over the countryside in the warmth of a spring day. A few clouds moved smoothly across the sky, and wooded hills checkered with rolling green pastures and white fences stretched as far as the eye could see. Nearby a mare, a large, well-built grey, grazed, her nose buried in the blue grass. A tiny foal lay dreaming in the sun, warm and content. He soon raised his head and with his big eyes and fine nose hunted his mammy. Struggling to his feet as only a foal with uncontrollable legs can do, he started toward her. The grey mare raised her head and nickered encouragement to him, knowing how silly he looked, but oh, so proud of him. She saw me about this time and wandered over to say good morning by rubbing her head on my shoulder and begging attention with her big, gentle eyes. The foal came up and nibbled the buttons on my coat and crushed his soft nose over my fingers. As I walked off down the lane, I turned and saw the grey mare with her head up and the foal with his head sticking out between the bars, watching me go.

—Nancy Waite '42

STAND AND STARE

We have so little time to spare
To stand and stare
At a diamond drop and a wine-red petal,
Or the long green breakers with their crowns of foam
and their veils of spray.
So little time to stare
At the rippling silver road of the moon sinking into
the sea.
So little time when one long life would scarcely be
enough for one of these.

—Patricia Williams '42

THE NICEST WORDS I KNOW

"What would I do without you?"
Are the nicest words I know.
I hear them often, often
When I've helped a friend in woe.
"What would I do without you?"
With a gay, full heart I go—
For "What would I do without you?"
Are the friendliest words I know.

—Beverly Harmon '42

CINQUAINE

They push
Above my reach;
Rolling, tumbling, rushing;
Clouds in shades of grey before
The wind.

—Nancy Waite '42

A HOME

Carpenters,
Plumbers, painters,
All can make a house;
Only a family and love can make
A home.

—Patricia Vance '42

ON EXPRESSIONS

Barrie has occasion to observe in his *Margaret Ogilvy* that while writing a book he must imitate the actions of his characters, and his family found him continually making strange faces. I believe that a really interested reader will often do the same thing. Say the person in question is reading Sabatini. Captain Blood is standing at the bow, the deck rolling beneath his feet, when a watch cries out. A ship is sighted out over the horizon. The reader's eyes narrow down, the pupils become pinpoints, he squints tensely as he peers after the pointing finger. Ah, it is a Spanish galleon and the reader's face takes on an expression of infinite joy but purpose also. The eyes light up, then become hard, the mouth curves into a smile of expectation and then tightens into grim determination. His fighting blood is coursing through his veins and he sets himself to win, however many chapters it may take. Now the battle rises in his favor and the light of victory comes into his eyes, now it swings into the other scale and his face takes on a harassed look as he shouts out orders; then finally the ship is grappled by the pirates and hand to hand fighting begins. A look of fierce exultation comes into his face as our reader thrusts his blade into a swarthy Spaniard. He ranges the ship, cutting his way through to his beleaguered men, saving them from cuts and slashes, and inclining his head with a gracious smile at their thanks. Finally the battle is over, the victory won and with a look as tender as a woman's he binds up the wounds of his men. At this the reader gives up. He can grin in exultation and become grim with determination but he must call a halt at this stage and straighten out the knots in his facial muscles before he can smile as tenderly as a woman.

—Patricia Williams '42

I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER

In the early morning
When the mountains and sun would first meet,
The dewy grass shone white.
The stillness was broken by climbing feet;
Arising from the canyon of mist
Was a white-haired lady in a bright yellow smock;
A few dripping flowers,
A pair of shears,
And two large leaves, made up her stock
Lifting the flowers that I might see,
She gave me a cheering smile,
Then turning, across the grass she went,
Starting beauty all the while.

—*Mary S. Joy '44*

WINDOW SHOPPING

I edge my way through the crowd to see what object could attract so many people. I am annoyed because some other would-be looker has knocked my hat off, and yet I don't mind my crushed hat and mussed hair when I see what adorns the window. There is a single glass model posed just about to dance. All this I observe later, because now all I can see is the dress she is wearing. It is pure white with silver stars dancing on yards and yards of spreading net. The neck is heart shaped, the sleeves are off the shoulder, and on each sleeve is one large silver star. I stand dazed, as if in a trance, floating on fluffy pink clouds, wearing that starry white dress. I'm awakened from my dream by more pushing would-be lookers, to suddenly realize I'll be late for dinner unless I hurry. Both the dress and the pink clouds fade away as I am confronted with the hot, realistic atmosphere of the trolley car.

—*Elizabeth Allen '42*

AGE

Sometimes he sits and smiles,
And seems almost to think
About the world around him,
That poor old man.
But the years have laid
A fog across his eyes
And on his brain,
And he lives only in the past.
He dreams about the boy
He once was, in that sweet,
Slow time of long ago.
He doesn't know that people stop
And pity him, and say,
That poor old man.

—*Frances LaMotte '42*

A SUMMER MORNING

She could taste a dry, sharp tartness in her mouth. It was not a pleasant taste, but rather a taste of excitement and apprehension. She put her hand quickly to her throat in a confused gesture, and felt her pulse beat at a speed that alarmed her for a moment. She could feel the sun and it gave no warmth to her. As she ran across the room and out onto the veranda, she thought of the hurried voice on the telephone that had just told her a station wagon had crashed on the road, killing its driver. Then suddenly she heard that sharp, rude, impertinent toot, and the lovely yellow station wagon swung around the bend in the drive.

As she bent over to kiss him, she smelled a lovely, leathery smell that brothers always carry about. She loved the smell of dirty leather jackets. The morning sun felt warm.

—*Anne Rolph '44*

THE DAWN

The dawn,
Like blushing bride,
Comes softly to embrace
The night, and change his solemn gloom
To light.

—*Joan Fullinwider '42*

MIRACLES

I see a miracle in falling snow,
Each flake a pattern that is all its own;
And in all photographs
Of places loved and of those held dear.

I see a miracle in those mystic things,
The telephone, the telegraph, the airplane;
And in each handful of rich, brown soil,
In each soothing cup of fragrant tea.

I see a miracle in each living thing,
And in all mercy and humbleness;
Yet above all I see the miracle in God's love
For this bitter, warring world of ours.

—*Elizabeth Allen '42*

PERFECTION

I stood on the porch of the little white beach cottage and gazed absent-mindedly at the shore and surf. It was a beautiful day, the sky a brilliant blue, and the sun making golden sparks dance on the ruffled water. A white raft floated and bobbed slowly up and down, up and down on the incoming tide. The dry dunes were brushed smooth and clean by yesterday's wind and fairly sparkled in the sun. A beetle made his toilsome way across one of them, dragging his treasure of white shell, and leaving tiny tracks behind to mar the perfect smoothness.

I don't know why I remember this scene—perhaps because the next summer the beach was a mass of dull boulders and pounding waves and perhaps because I realized that it was too perfect to last.

—Charlotte Starbuck '43

THE SPIRIT OF GYM IS SEASON US

Down, stretch, spring, fling,
Spring . . . spring . . spring!!
I wint-ter touch my toe
But it's an elusive thing.

Down, stretch, spring, fling,
Spring . . . spring . . spring!!
Do it right or else you'll Fall,
To skill you now must cling.

Down, stretch, spring, fling,
Spring . . . spring . . spring!!
You Autum'-eet success
With lots of practicing.

Down, stretch, spring, fling,
Spring . . . spring . . spring!!
Summer good and Summer bad,
But all are stiffening.

—Desdy Jackson '44

SPRING SENSES

There is something in the advent of spring that sharpens the senses. Last night the air was soft and still with the fragrance of jonquils in it. I stood and listened. What I heard was silence, but a prophet-song rang in my ears.

—Frances LaMotte '42

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

The old grey cobwebs on the shelf,
The dust that had gathered there,
Made me suddenly think to myself,
That I saw before me from my window's view
Some of the oldest things that one can see.
A crack in the wall
Threw a light on them all.
And the mahogany chair,
And the Chinese clock,
The hickory cane,
And the old tea pot,
Brought back to me
Those centuries which had passed.
Dark and gloomy the shop appeared
So I couldn't see what was in the rear.
I had the greatest desire to open the door
And leave for a while our century here,
For the centuries so long in the past.

—Virginia Bailey '42

AUTUMN

The leaves
Are crisp and gold
Blown by wailing winds
Until the earth is cleared for snow
And cold.

—Winifred Bailey '42

MEMORIES WITHOUT PRICE

Why bother about sizes, prices, or colors? Everything is right when you window-shop. Walking down Wilshire Boulevard, I stop, and the brilliance of emeralds, diamonds, silver, and gold sparkles away all other thoughts except, Oh, if they were only mine! Over in the corner, next to the silver deer, there is a small piece of glass, shaped like a cake of ice. At the top of the cake there are silver ice-tongs, and embedded in the center is a small Swiss watch. I'll take that one, please.

—Marillyn Bear '42

I SHALL REMEMBER

The spot in this school I'll remember the best
Is bed, that sweet haven where blithely I rest.
While daily I add to, instead of diminish,
The work that I've left 'til tomorrow to finish.

—*Ruth Lineaweaver '44*

SPRING

It's spring
In the desert lands,
And from the dust of drouth
Springs the sunkissed cactus bloom
So rare.

—*Winifred Bailey '42*

AN UNFORGETTABLE SCENE

It was a warm August sun which shone on the few houses of a little valley in the Upper Engadin near St. Moritz. There, two thousand meters above sea level, we had spent our summer vacation. We were leaving. The snow was glistening on the mountains which surrounded us. We were standing on the narrow road which winds down into a lower valley. A cart was there with our bags; two brown horses were in front; the right one had its head turned toward the young man who was holding the reins—he was the best skier in the place. His young wife was standing at the door of the house where we had lived, holding her baby in her arms, waving farewell. An old woman called grandmother by everyone, though she was great-grandmother really, was sitting in her chair, her knitting resting in her lap, looking at us. My mother and little brother and sister were sitting in the cart. We children wore leather pants and my sister had a cap on her head. My father was taking a picture. The horses moved. Once more we looked all around, taking a last farewell of the place and of the people who had grown dear to us.

—*Christiane Knauer '43*

SUMMER MEMORIES

Dancing shadows from the fire,
Ringing shells whiter than white sand,
A clouded street lamp in the fog,
Silver sunlight breaking up grey clouds,
Mellow moonlight mixed with stars,
Marsh grass whispering the greatness of the sea,
These are summer memories to me.

—*Nancy Waite '42*

WHY HAVE I REMEMBERED THIS SO LONG?

It was late afternoon on a summer's day. I stood in the doorway of my mother's room, bewildered and sleepy from my afternoon nap. I wore a white play suit and sandals. I shivered a little, feeling the slight breeze that rustled the flaps on the awnings and stirred the white curtains. I yawned and then sniffed in the scent of the baby roses climbing up the side of the house and peeping in my mother's windows. The room had a cool and happy atmosphere—my mother sitting there on the bright, flowered chintz couch—my brothers in tennis clothes playing with their dog by the dark mahogany bed. I approached my mother for some money to buy an ice-cream cone, and she asked one of my brothers to get it for me out of the tall, dark bureau. When Walter had taken it from the purse in the drawer, he teased me and wouldn't let me have it. I ran to him and tried to get it from him, but he only threw it to Page. I was very young then, and I don't know why it hurt me, but I will never forget when I walked away, too proud to take it when they were ready to give it to me.

—*Marion-Leigh Baldwin '43*

PLEASURES

These pleasures are mine:
The green-cloaked hills of spruce and pine,
Basking in sunny showers of golden light;
A glowing camp-fire on a summer night;
Great mounds of mossy stones—are lovely things,
Each of these its pleasure brings.

—*Sudie Barker '42*

AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

I saw a red kite
And wondered what it was,
When to my delight
I was told to watch the kite
Fly like an aeroplane
High above the plains.
I was told to give it a little run
And like a shot from a gun
It was in the power of the wind
High above the plains.

—*Bette Ann Patterson '42*

IMAGES

My schoolbooks are like a rainbow: who, on looking at their gay covers, could guess what lurks inside?

The animated chatter, accompanied by clicking of silver and squeaking of china momentarily turns the dining room into something reminiscent of a large bird cage.

—*Jacqueline Kowall '44*

We play . . .

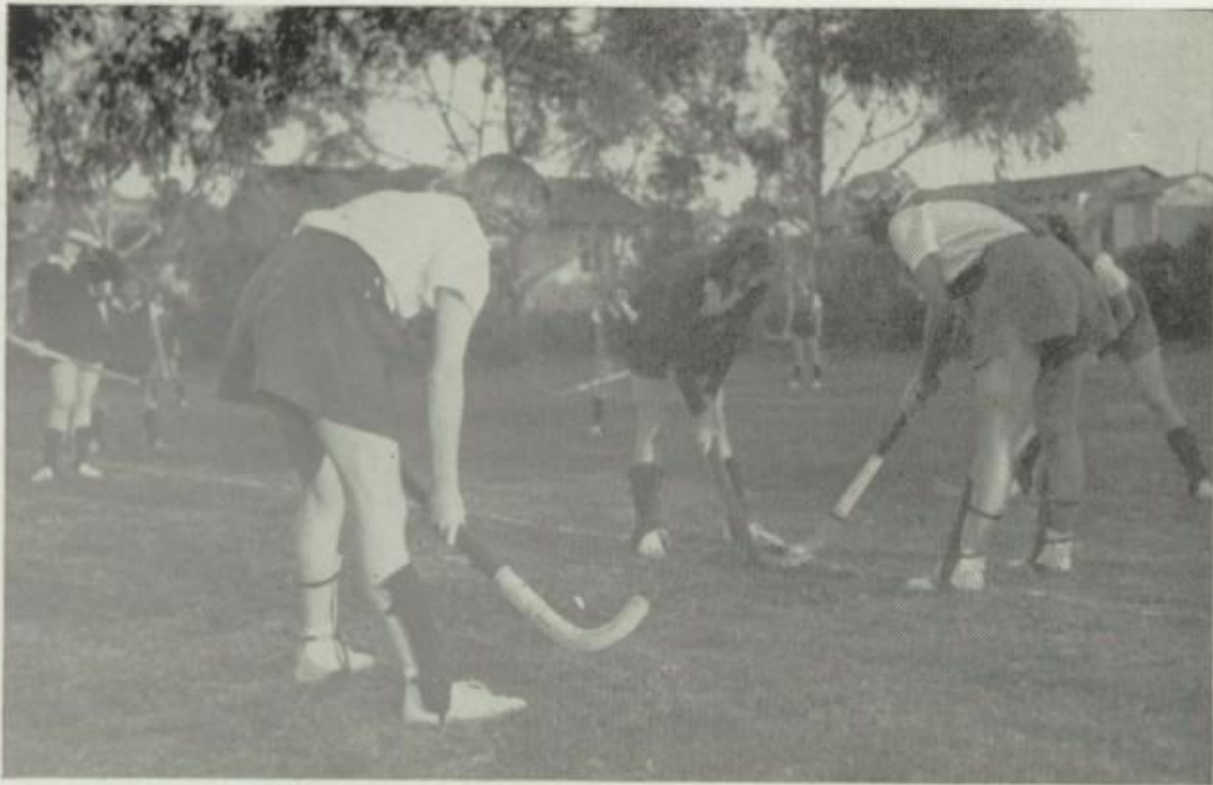
Strength of heart

And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,

Are winners in this pastime.



HOCKEY



Hockey started in the fall with a great show of enthusiasm from eager girls, both new and old. The season ended with a flourish on Thanksgiving day when the Purples won a close game, and the members of both teams received silver hockey pins.

RIDING

On Fridays the riding enthusiasts mounted Mr. MacMillan's trusty steeds and went for long rides about the La Jolla country-side and beaches, or tried their hand at improvised polo. On several memorable Saturdays breakfast rides were enjoyed by the more ambitious riders.



ARCHERY

Archery was one of the most universally attempted sports this year. The Open Day exhibition was watched with wonder and amazement by all, and a great many diplomas were awarded to young Robin Hoods by the National Archery Association.



BASKETBALL



Basketball flourished this year under the guidance of Miss Green, who brought the enthusiasts through many games and practices, climaxed by the big game of the year. Following this was a grill supper which was enjoyed by all.

TENNIS



Tennis was one of the most popular and energetically played sports this year, taught by the able and witty Mr. O'Hara. The Thanksgiving teams covered themselves with glory, the Ojai team battled valiantly, and Margaret Cary won the INK cup.

SWIMMING

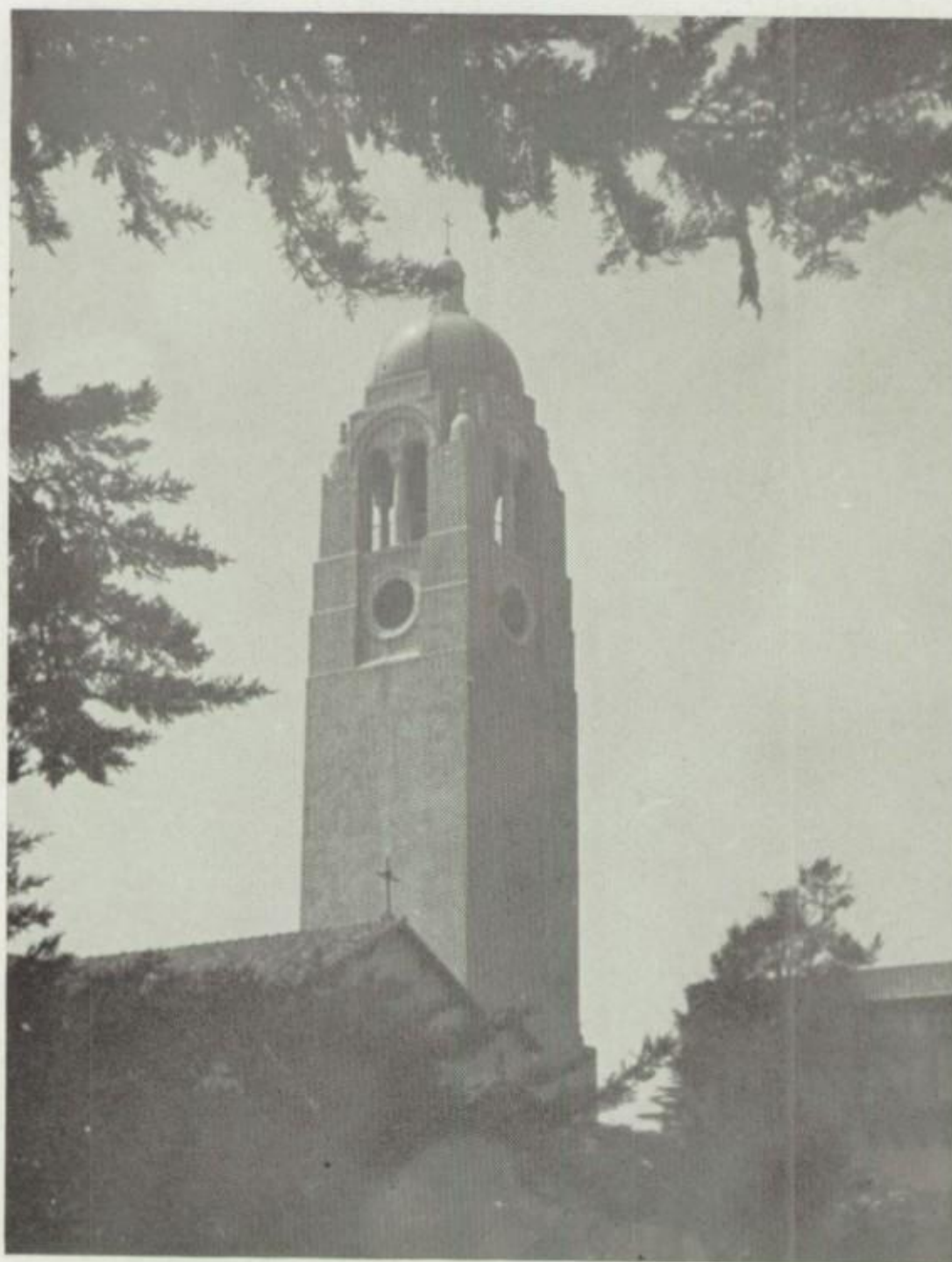
Miss Walker, in addition to her other valuable services, taught swimming and arranged the meet this year. Many girls will doubtless amaze their friends by actually swimming and diving *well*, instead of just sitting on the beach this summer.





We are . . .

*We are strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find,
And not to yield.*



THE SENIOR WILL



Jean Abbott leaves her weekly ordeals with the dentist to Nancy Bevan, complete with sleepless nights and starvation.

Liz Allen wills her short, and sometimes curly hair to Bessie Foster.



Ginger and Winkie Bailey leave their "business" to Bobbie McCabe.

Sudie Barker leaves Marny Knight the La Jolla bus, hoping the tires last long enough to give her transportation next year.

Jane Bellows leaves to Sibby Hull her long, but never boring list of ensigns.



Heather Boulton leaves the "Z-99" to Mal Baldwin.

Jenny Bruce and Bette Ann Patterson — the Inseparable Two-some—leave to Alper Vestal, Bessie Foster, and Charlotte Starbuck their admiration, love and respect for the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F.



Jeanie Fawcett and Beverly Harmon will their love of "going-steady" to Joyce.

Joan Fullinwider leaves a certain pink undergarment to Bessie Foster in hopes that she will cherish it and derive benefit from the sad experience of another.





Mig Gifford wills to Rufus her spare tire, hoping it will help in the coming year.

Frances LaMotte leaves her knowledge of the world in general to Jacqueline Kowall, in hopes that she can do more with it than Frances did.

Mary McCorkle and Marillyn Bear leave the *bubbles* they are forever blowing, to Miss Byrnes and Mrs. Bailey, with the hope that they have not caused too much pain during the course of the year.

Peggy O'Neill wills her "O, dears!" to Mep.

Jackie Raquet leaves her long and interesting walks to Nancy Ames.

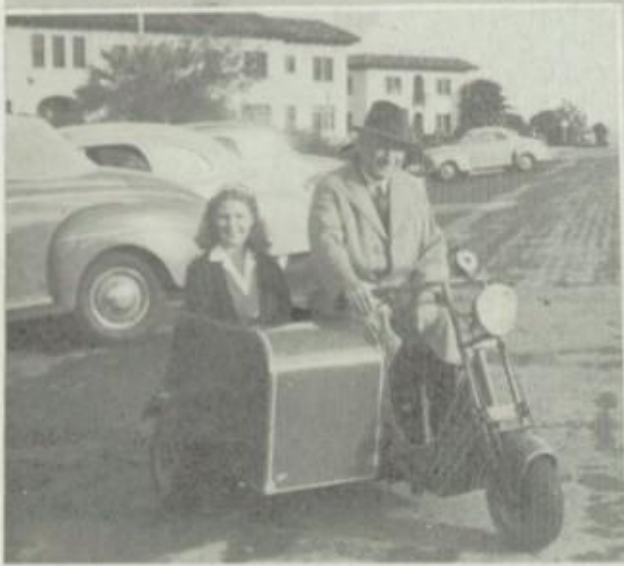
Ann Smith leaves to her most able assistant, Jacqueline Fairbanks, the privilege of ringing the bells for afternoon sports.

Pat Vance leaves her reminiscences of Del Mar to Nancy Payne.

Nancy Waite wills her soft voice to Barbara Brunson.

Pat Williams leaves her record of hits and misses to Peggy Parnham.

WHO?



WHERE?



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JOAN MANLEY

1375 Torrey Pines Road,
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BARBARA McCABE

Las Palmas Apts.,
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San Diego, California

MARY McCORKLE

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PATRICIA O'HARA

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La Jolla, California

MARJORY VOIGHT

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450 Ocean Avenue,
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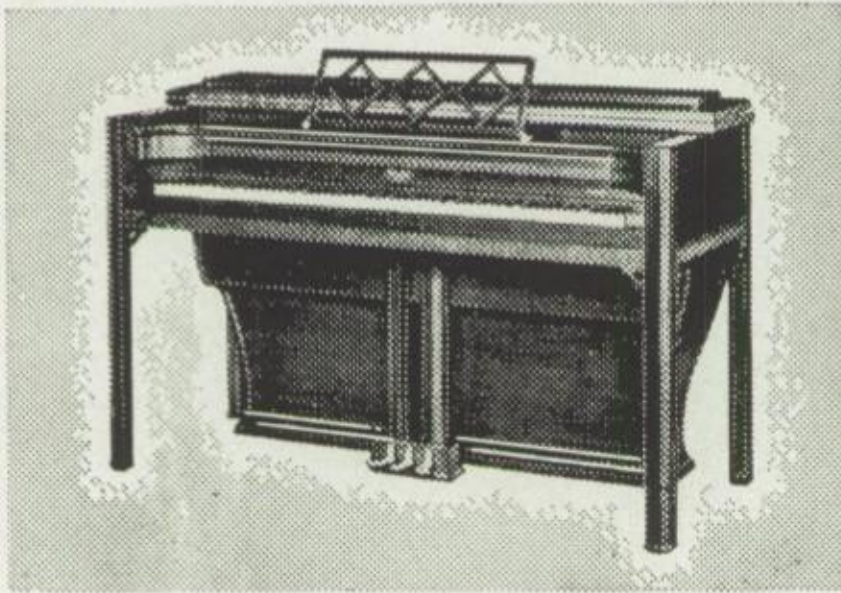
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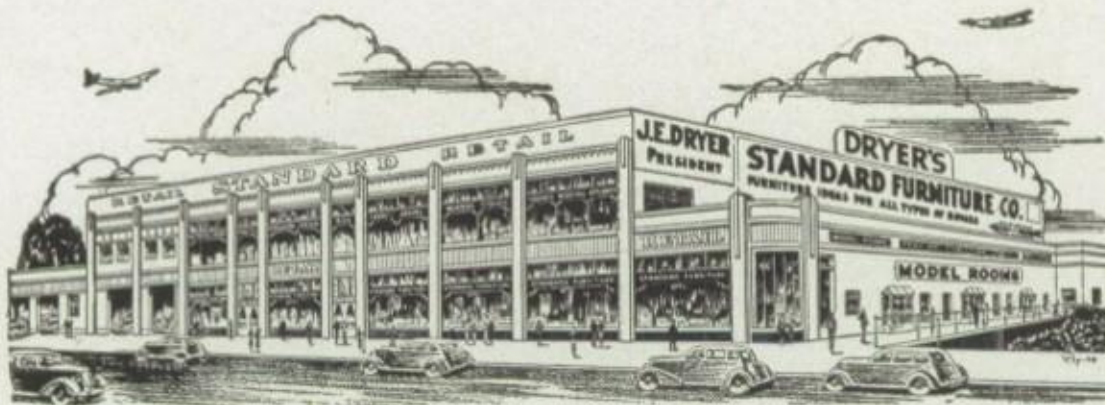
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A U T O G R A P H S

Dear Charlotte
roads of luck and
have a swell summer
vacation. Love and Aloha
Patsy (Hederman)

With love
to the family
and honey

Dear Charlotte
(alias Mrs. Walker's
name)
See you this summer
roads of love,
Beth

Hi, Charlotte!
Hope I'll
see you 'round
this summer.
It's swell to be
lazy for a while,
isn't it? Jodie

Remember all
the fun(?) we've
had in Spanish
class. Poor teachers
were mad.
Good luck
Aloha
Dave

Dear Charlotte,
We will probably be together
again next year in Spanish II.
See you that be fun.
I have a wonderful summer.
Love Lucy Wans

Dear Charlotte,
Lots of luck
this summer
and next year
as a senior
and always.

Jachue

